DARK HORSE COMICS
THE GOON™
#6
FLEE, MANKIND, FLEE BEFORE THE WALKING APOCALYPSE THAT IS...
¡LAGARTO HOMBRE!
SEE HORROR!
SEE BRUTALITY!
SEE SHOCKING ACTS OF DEPRAVED CARNAGE!
by Eric Powell

The nameless man, the zombie priest, had come to town to build a gang from the undead. But even the undead fear...

THE GOON™

by Eric Powell

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published by **Mike Richardson**

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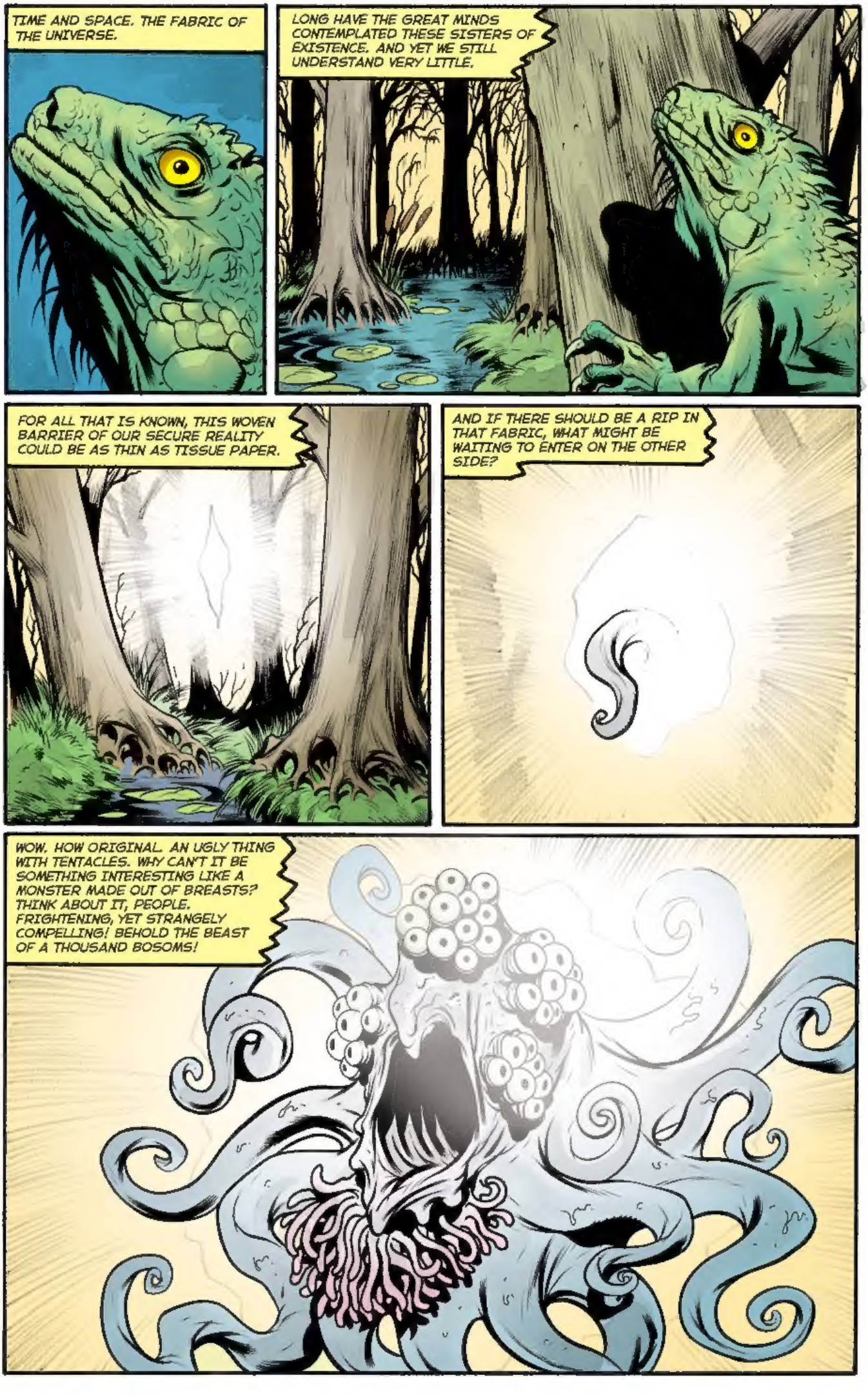
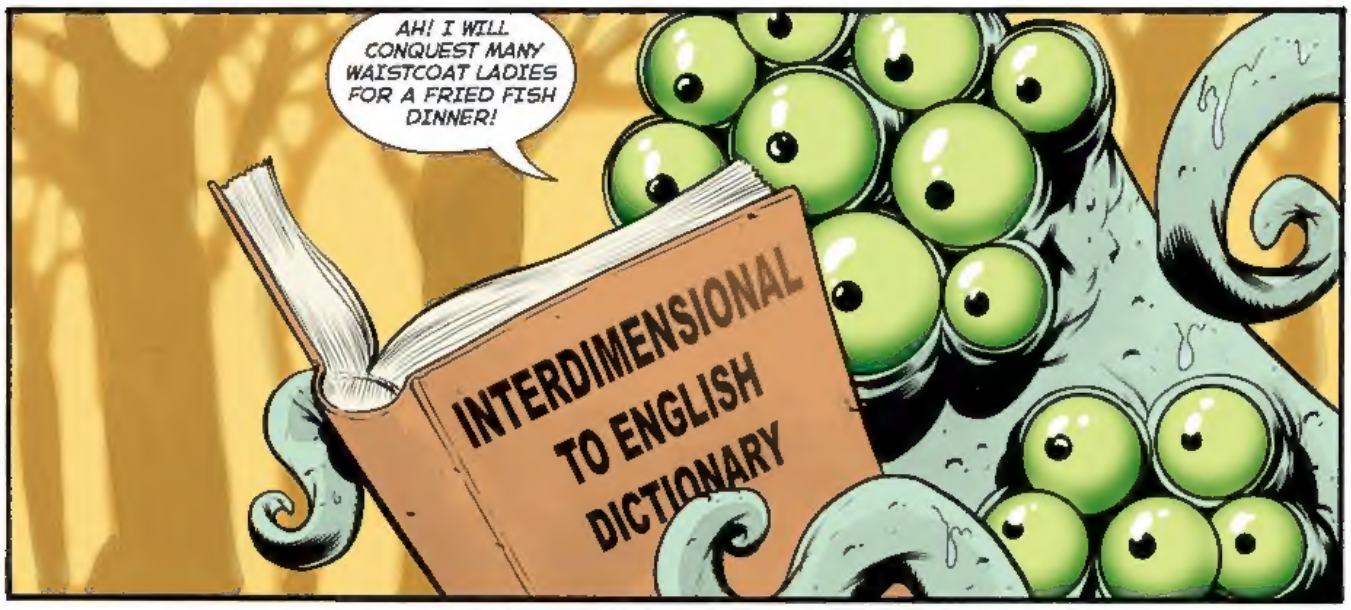
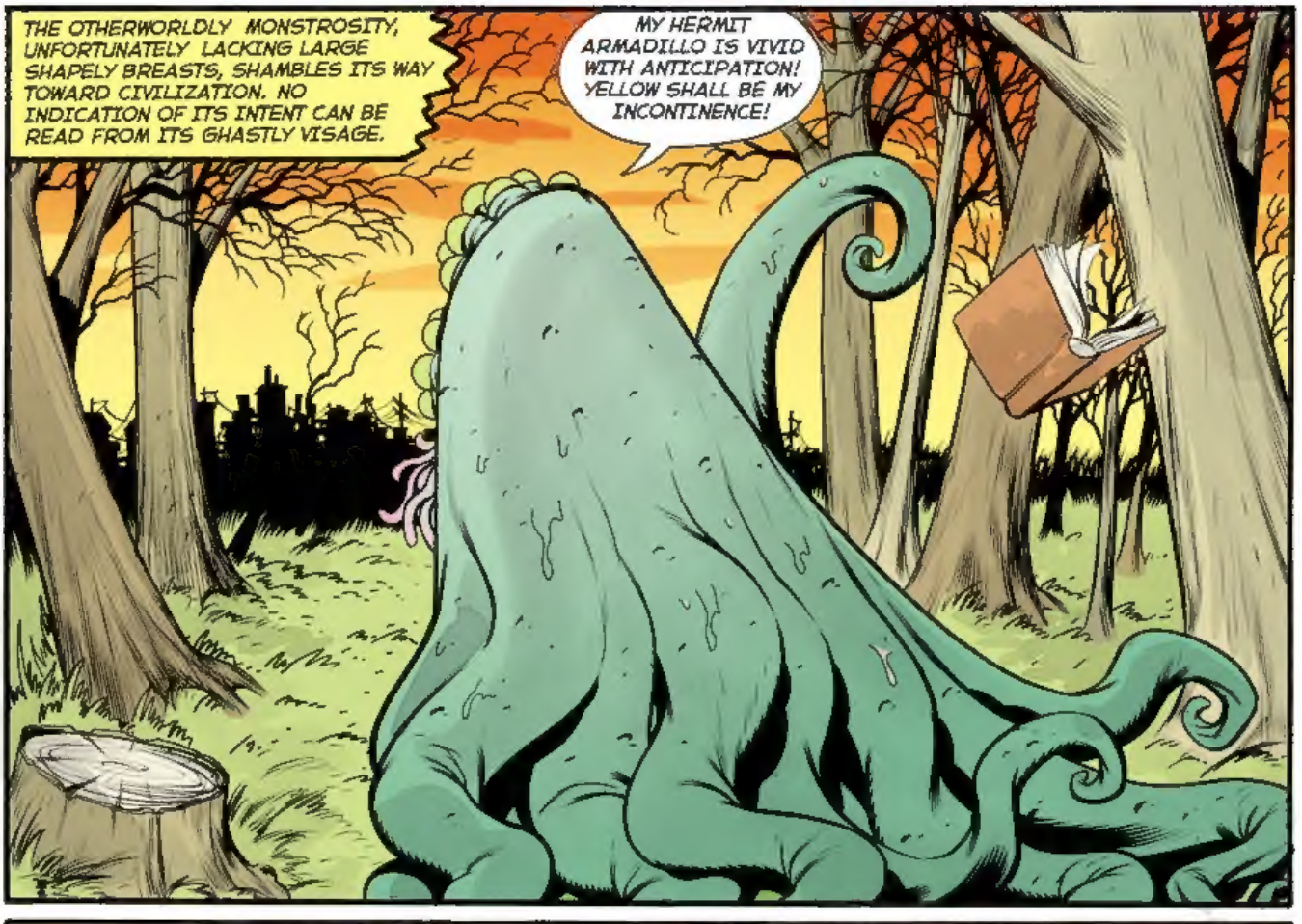
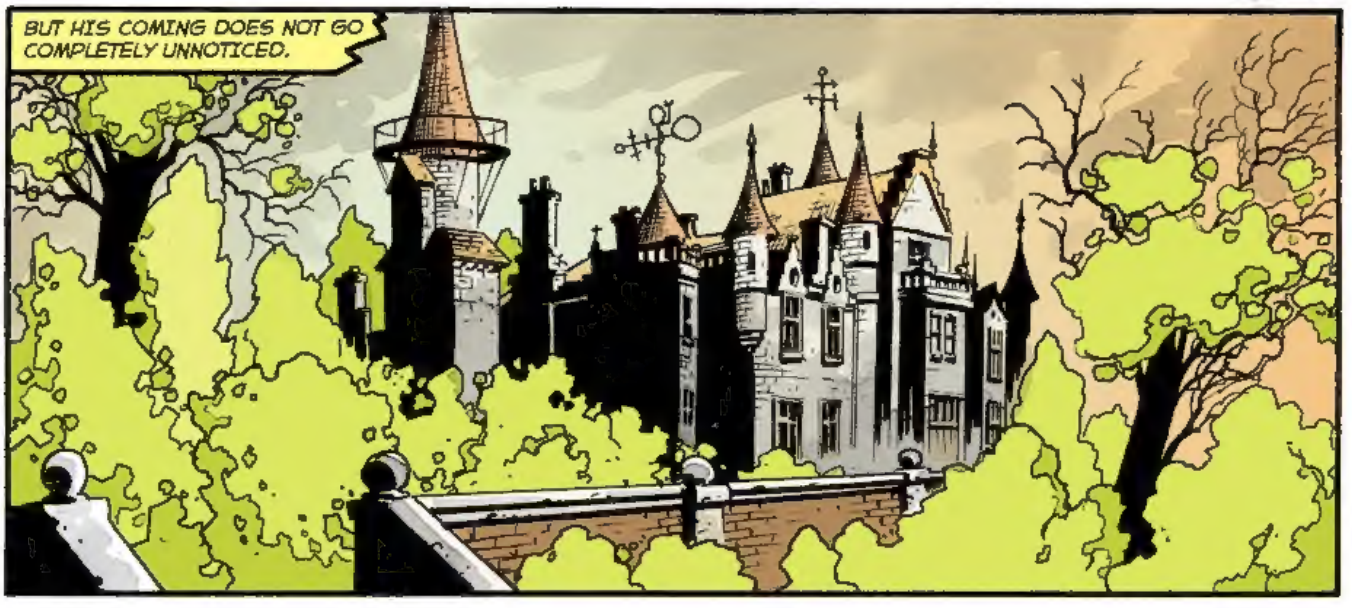
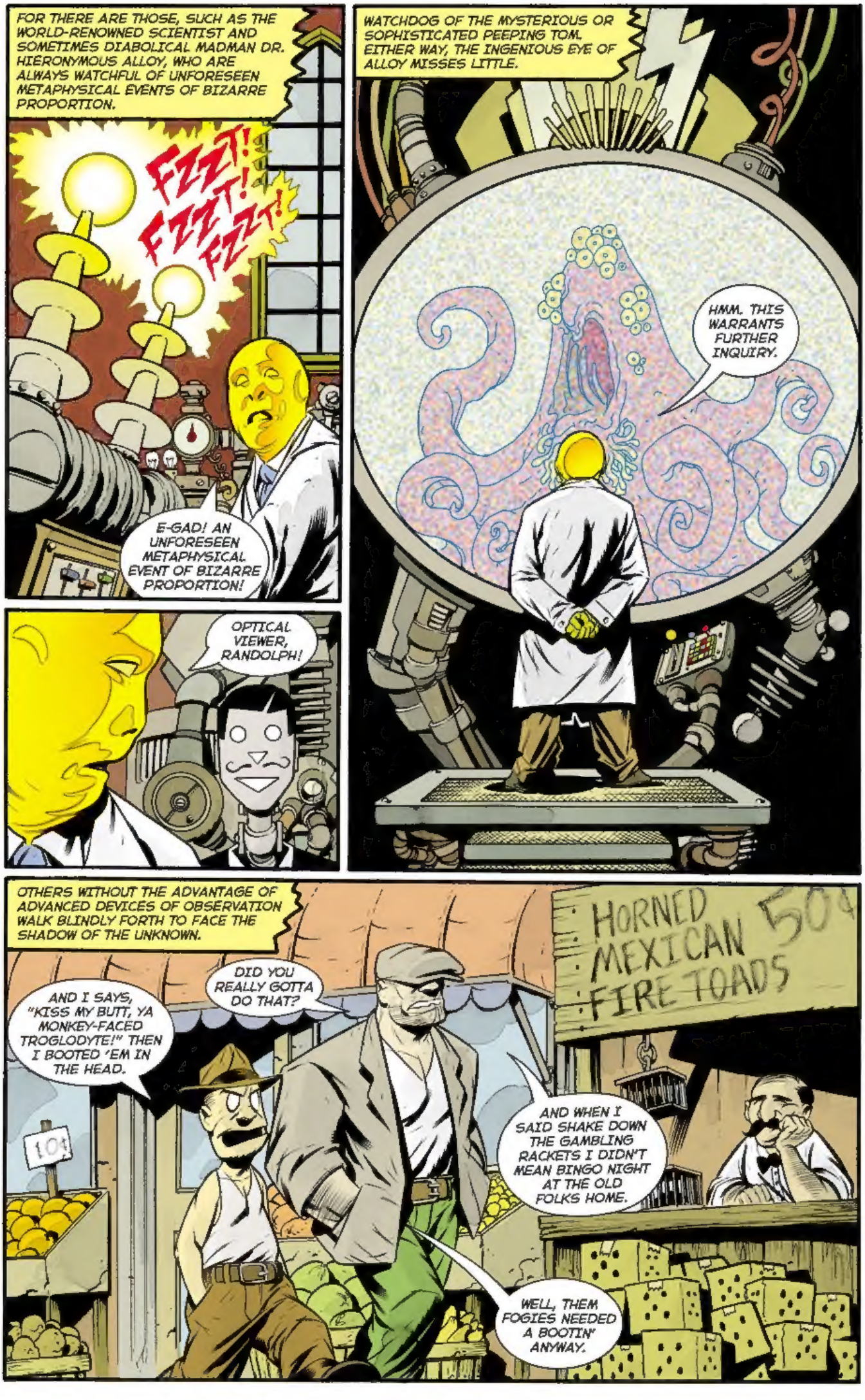

TIME AND SPACE. THE FABRIC OF THE UNIVERSE.
LONG HAVE THE GREAT MINDS CONTEMPLATED THESE SISTERS OF EXISTENCE. AND YET WE STILL UNDERSTAND VERY LITTLE.
FOR ALL THAT IS KNOWN, THIS WOVEN BARRIER OF OUR SECURE REALITY COULD BE AS THIN AS TISSUE PAPER.
AND IF THERE SHOULD BE A RIP IN THAT FABRIC, WHAT MIGHT BE WAITING TO ENTER ON THE OTHER SIDE?
WOW. HOW ORIGINAL. AN UGLY THING WITH TENTACLES. WHY CAN'T IT BE SOMETHING INTERESTING LIKE A MONSTER MADE OUT OF BREASTS? THINK ABOUT IT, PEOPLE. FRIGHTENING, YET STRANGELY COMPELLING! BEHOLD THE BEAST OF A THOUSAND BOSOMS!

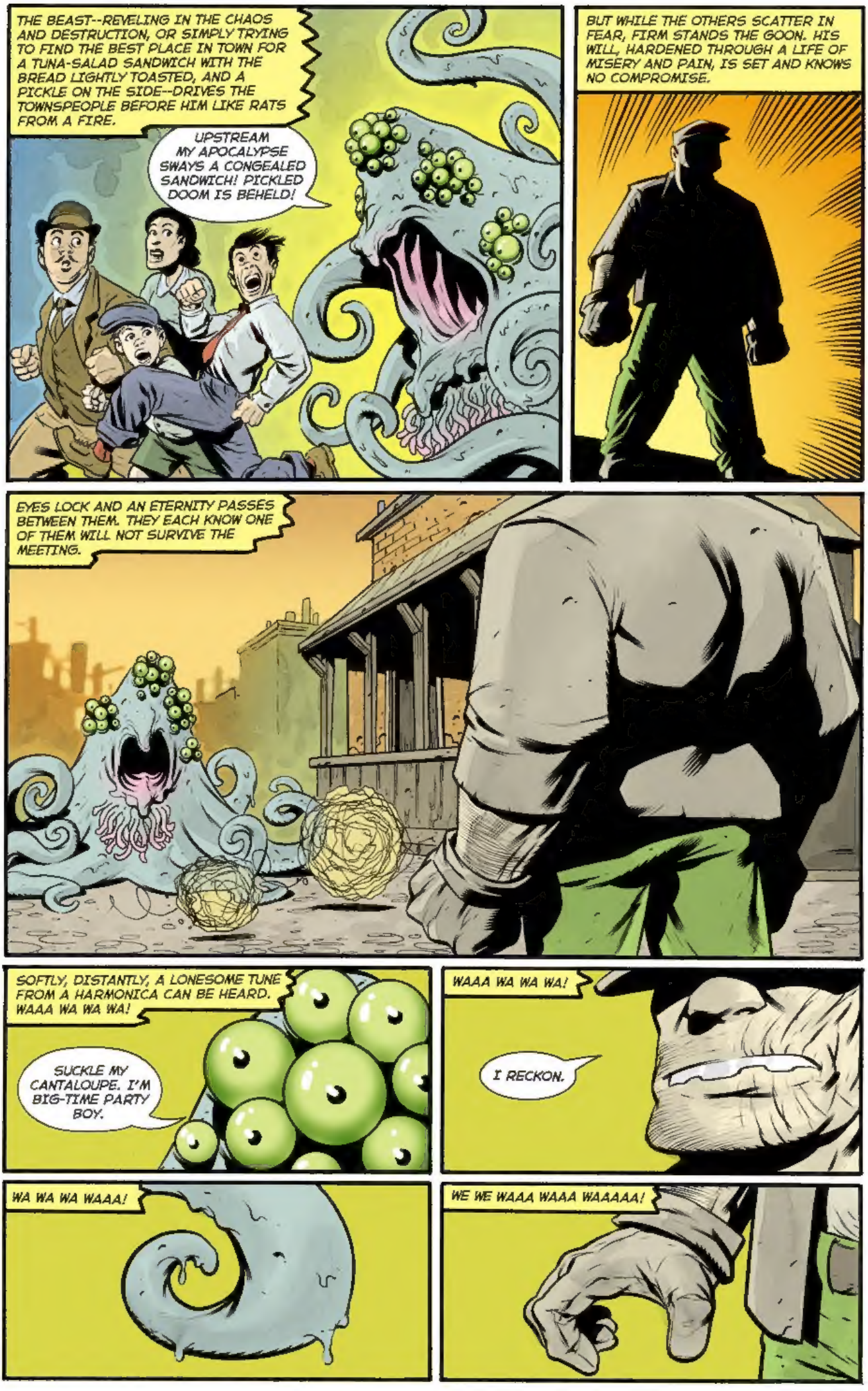

AH! I WILL CONQUEST MANY WAISTCOAT LADIES FOR A FRIED FISH DINNER!
INTERDIMENSIONAL TO ENGLISH DICTIONARY

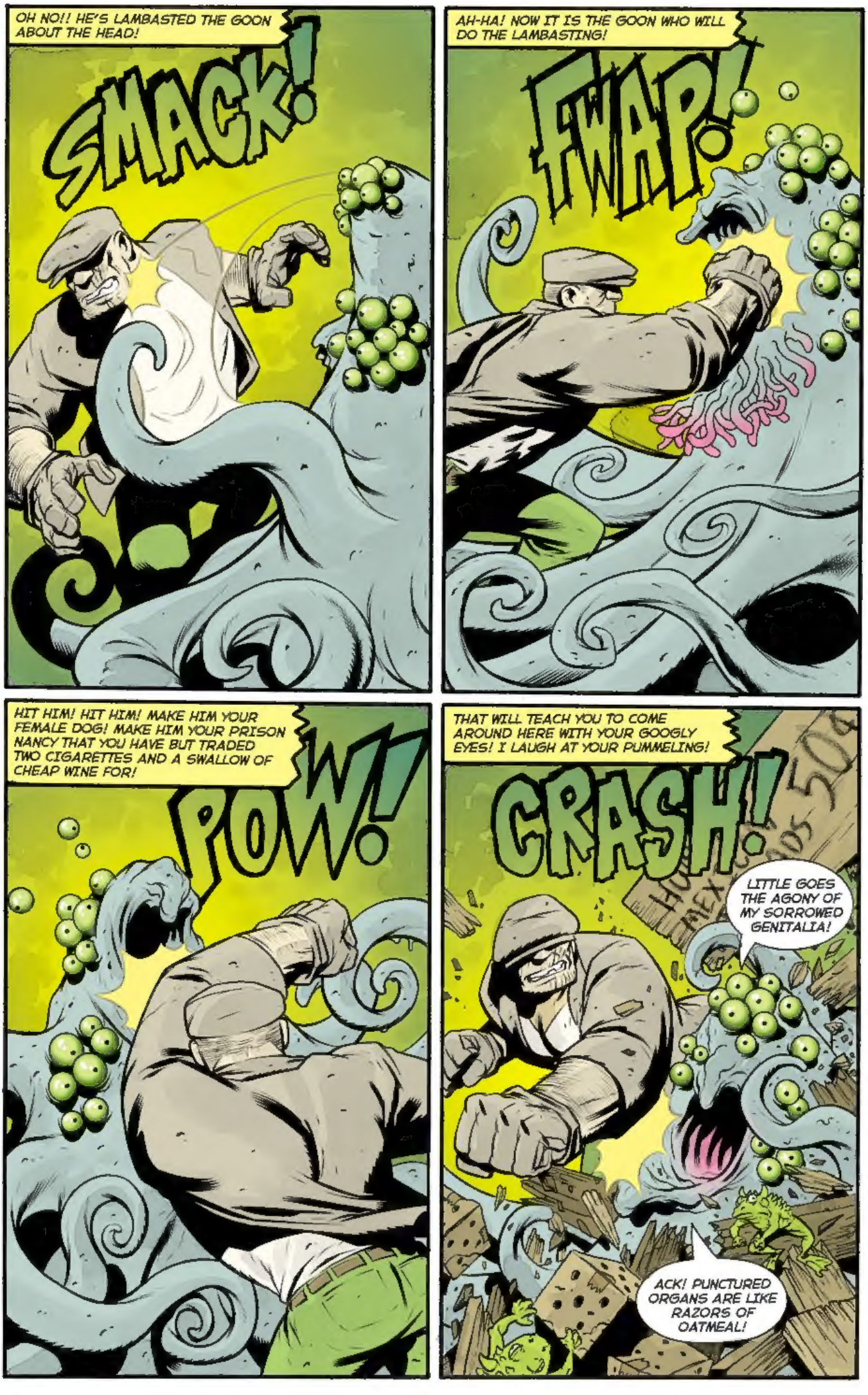

THE OTHERWORLDLY MONSTROSITY, UNFORTUNATELY LACKING LARGE SHAPELY BREASTS, SHAMBLES ITS WAY TOWARD CIVILIZATION. NO INDICATION OF ITS INTENT CAN BE READ FROM ITS GHASTLY VISAGE.
MY HERMIT ARMADILLO IS VIVID WITH ANTICIPATION! YELLOW SHALL BE MY INCONTINENCE!

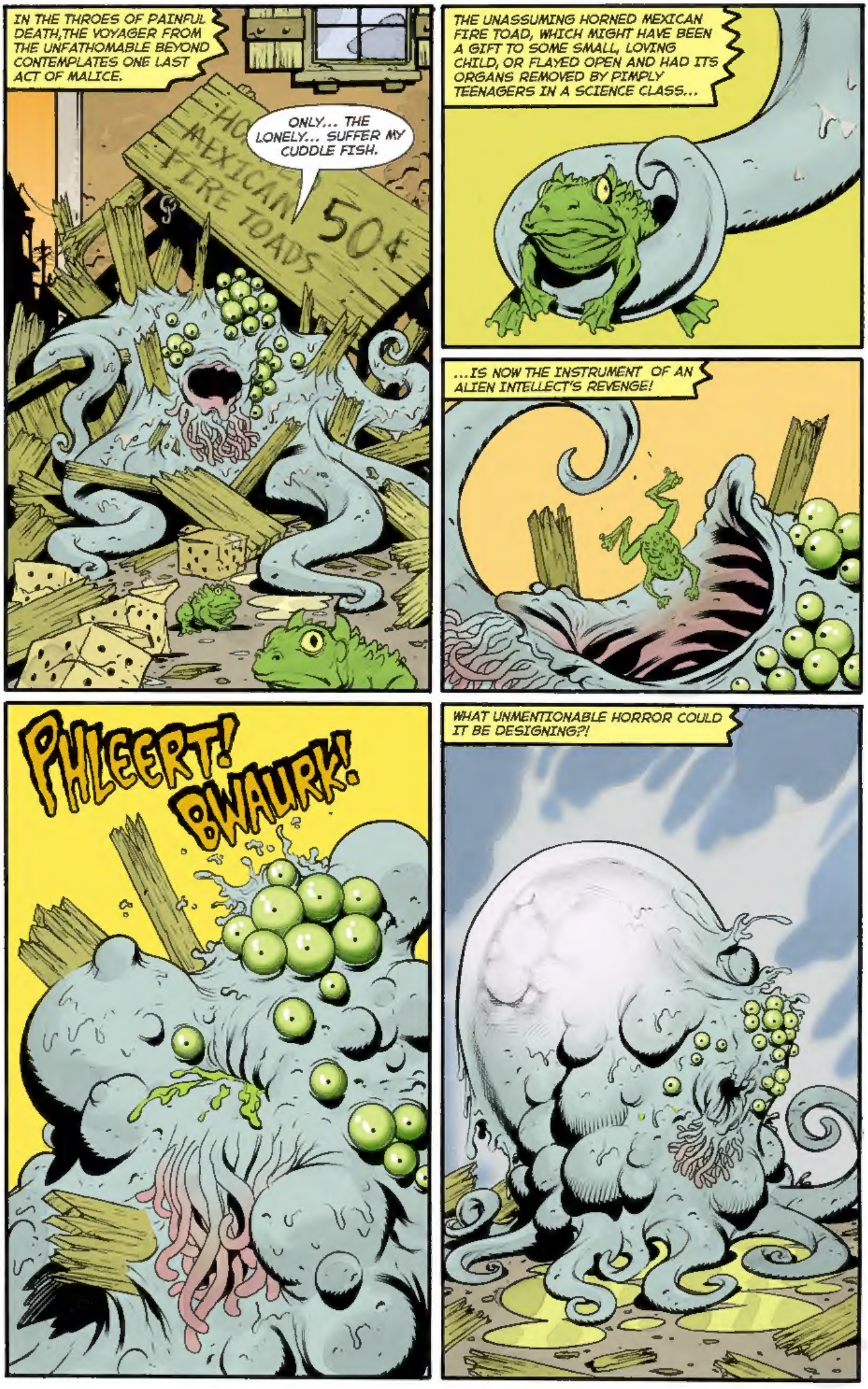

BUT HIS COMING DOES NOT GO COMPLETELY UNNOTICED.


FOR THERE ARE THOSE, SUCH AS THE WORLD-RENOWNED SCIENTIST AND SOMETIMES DIABOLICAL MADMAN DR. HIERONYMOUS ALLOY, WHO ARE ALWAYS WATCHFUL OF UNFORESEEN METAPHYSICAL EVENTS OF BIZARRE PROPORTION.
FZZT! FZZT! FZZT!
E-GAD! AN UNFORESEEN METAPHYSICAL EVENT OF BIZARRE PROPORTION!
OPTICAL VIEWER, RANDOLPH!
WATCHDOG OF THE MYSTERIOUS OR SOPHISTICATED PEEPING TOM. EITHER WAY, THE INGENIOUS EYE OF ALLOY MISSES LITTLE.
HMM. THIS WARRANTS FURTHER INQUIRY.
OTHERS WITHOUT THE ADVANTAGE OF ADVANCED DEVICES OF OBSERVATION WALK BLINDLY FORTH TO FACE THE SHADOW OF THE UNKNOWN.
HORNED MEXICAN FIRE TOADS 50¢
AND I SAYS, "KISS MY BUTT, YA MONKEY-FACED TROGLODYTE!" THEN I BOOTED 'EM IN THE HEAD.
DID YOU REALLY GOTTA DO THAT?
101
AND WHEN I SAID SHAKE DOWN THE GAMBLING RACKETS I DIDN'T MEAN BINGO NIGHT AT THE OLD FOLKS HOME.
WELL, THEM FOGIES NEEDED A BOOTIN' ANYWAY.

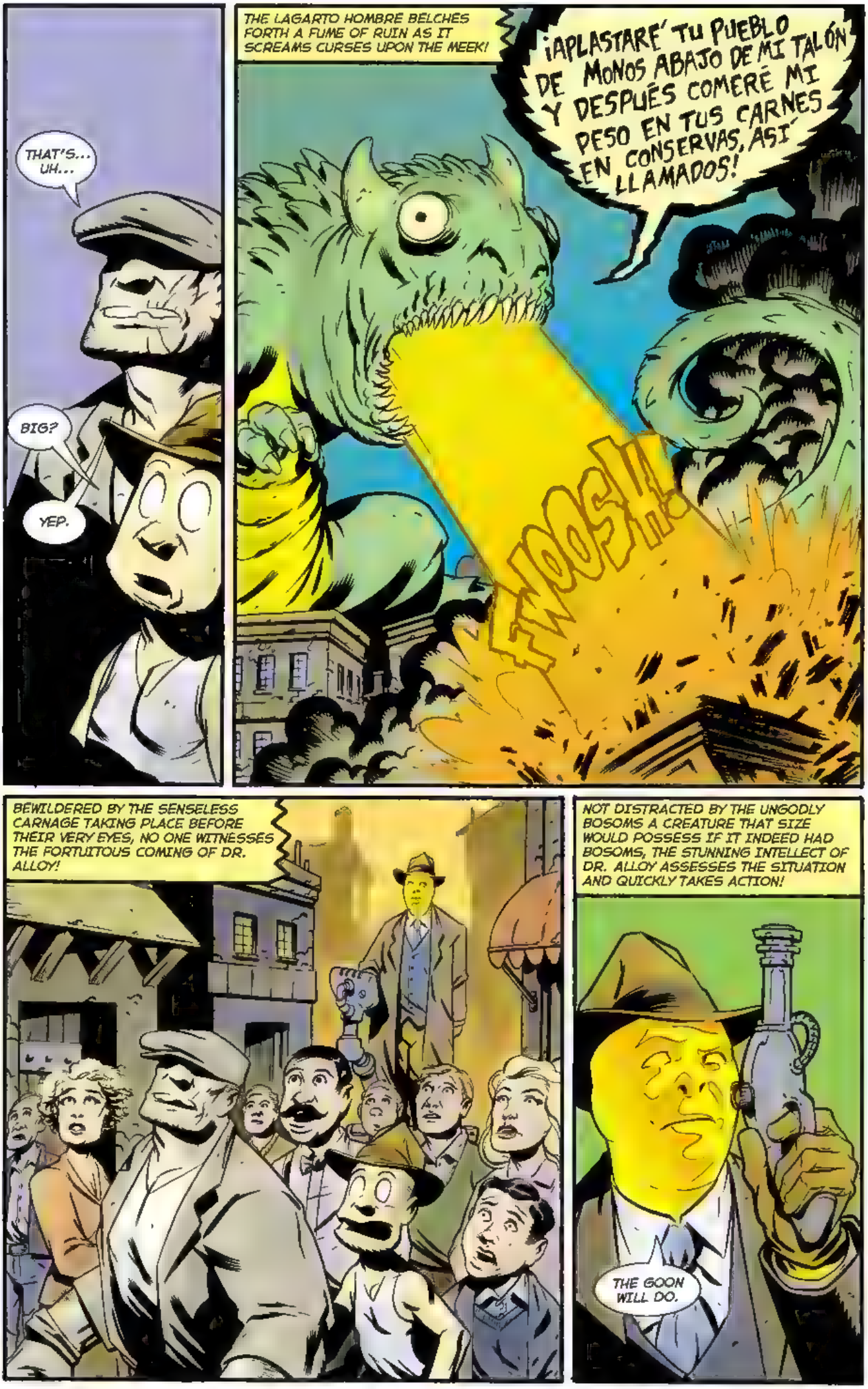
GOON! THERE'S A BIG NASTY THING COMING DOWN THE STREET!
IT'S GROPING PEOPLE AND THROWING THEM AROUND LIKE RAG DOLLS!
AW, THAT'S JUST THAT FAT KID JIMMY HIMPLE.
NO, HE WAS ALL ARMS AND BIG BUG EYES!
YEAH, AND A HORSESHOE-SHAPED DENT IN HIS FOREHEAD WHERE THAT MULE KICKED HIM. THAT'S JIMMY HIMPLE.
NO, HE WAS ALL SLIMY! DRIPPING GOO!
WELL IF YOU GOT KICKED IN THE HEAD BY A MULE, I DOUBT YOU'D CONTROL YOUR BODILY FUNCTIONS THAT WELL EITHER.
AAAHAAAAAAAH!
PARTY BIG TIME WITH ME, PAINTED LADIES!
I HAVE MANY CHOCOLATE BARS AND VIVID PROPHYLACTICS!
NOPE, THAT AIN'T JIMMY HIMPLE.


THE BEAST--REVELING IN THE CHAOS AND DESTRUCTION, OR SIMPLY TRYING TO FIND THE BEST PLACE IN TOWN FOR A TUNA-SALAD SANDWICH WITH THE BREAD LIGHTLY TOASTED, AND A PICKLE ON THE SIDE--DRIVES THE TOWNSPEOPLE BEFORE HIM LIKE RATS FROM A FIRE.
UPSTREAM MY APOCALYPSE SWAYS A CONGEALED SANDWICH! PICKLED DOOM IS BEHELD!
BUT WHILE THE OTHERS SCATTER IN FEAR, FIRM STANDS THE GOON. HIS WILL, HARDENED THROUGH A LIFE OF MISERY AND PAIN, IS SET AND KNOWS NO COMPROMISE.
EYES LOCK AND AN ETERNITY PASSES BETWEEN THEM. THEY EACH KNOW ONE OF THEM WILL NOT SURVIVE THE MEETING.
SOFTLY, DISTANTLY, A LONESOME TUNE FROM A HARMONICA CAN BE HEARD. WAAA WA WA WA!
SUCKLE MY CANTALOUPE. I'M BIG-TIME PARTY BOY.
WAAA WA WA WA!
I RECKON.
WA WA WA WAAA!
WE WE WAAA WAAA WAAAAA!


OH NO!! HE'S LAMBASTED THE GOON ABOUT THE HEAD!
SMACK!
AH-HA! NOW IT IS THE GOON WHO WILL DO THE LAMBASTING!
FWAP!
HIT HIM! HIT HIM! MAKE HIM YOUR FEMALE DOG! MAKE HIM YOUR PRISON NANCY THAT YOU HAVE BUT TRADED TWO CIGARETTES AND A SWALLOW OF CHEAP WINE FOR!
POW!
THAT WILL TEACH YOU TO COME AROUND HERE WITH YOUR GOOGLY EYES! I LAUGH AT YOUR PUMMELING!
CRASH!
LITTLE GOES THE AGONY OF MY SORROWED GENITALIA!
ACK! PUNCTURED ORGANS ARE LIKE RAZORS OF OATMEAL!


IN THE THROES OF PAINFUL DEATH, THE VOYAGER FROM THE UNFATHOMABLE BEYOND CONTEMPLATES ONE LAST ACT OF MALICE.
ONLY... THE LONELY... SUFFER MY CUDDLE FISH.
50¢
THE UNASSUMING HORNED MEXICAN FIRE TOAD, WHICH MIGHT HAVE BEEN A GIFT TO SOME SMALL, LOVING CHILD, OR FLAYED OPEN AND HAD ITS ORGANS REMOVED BY PIMPLY TEENAGERS IN A SCIENCE CLASS...
...IS NOW THE INSTRUMENT OF AN ALIEN INTELLECT'S REVENGE!
PHLEERT! BWAURK!
WHAT UNMENTIONABLE HORROR COULD IT BE DESIGNING?!

DO WE EVEN DARE CONSIDER WHAT AWAITS?!
WHAT MANNER OF BEAST IS THIS TAKING TOWERING FORM ABOVE THE STREETS?!
AND MIGHT IT HAVE LARGE, JIGGLING BOSOMS?!
GOOD GOD, MAN!! NOT EVEN A NIPPLE!!
¡EL HOMBRE DEL LAGARTO!

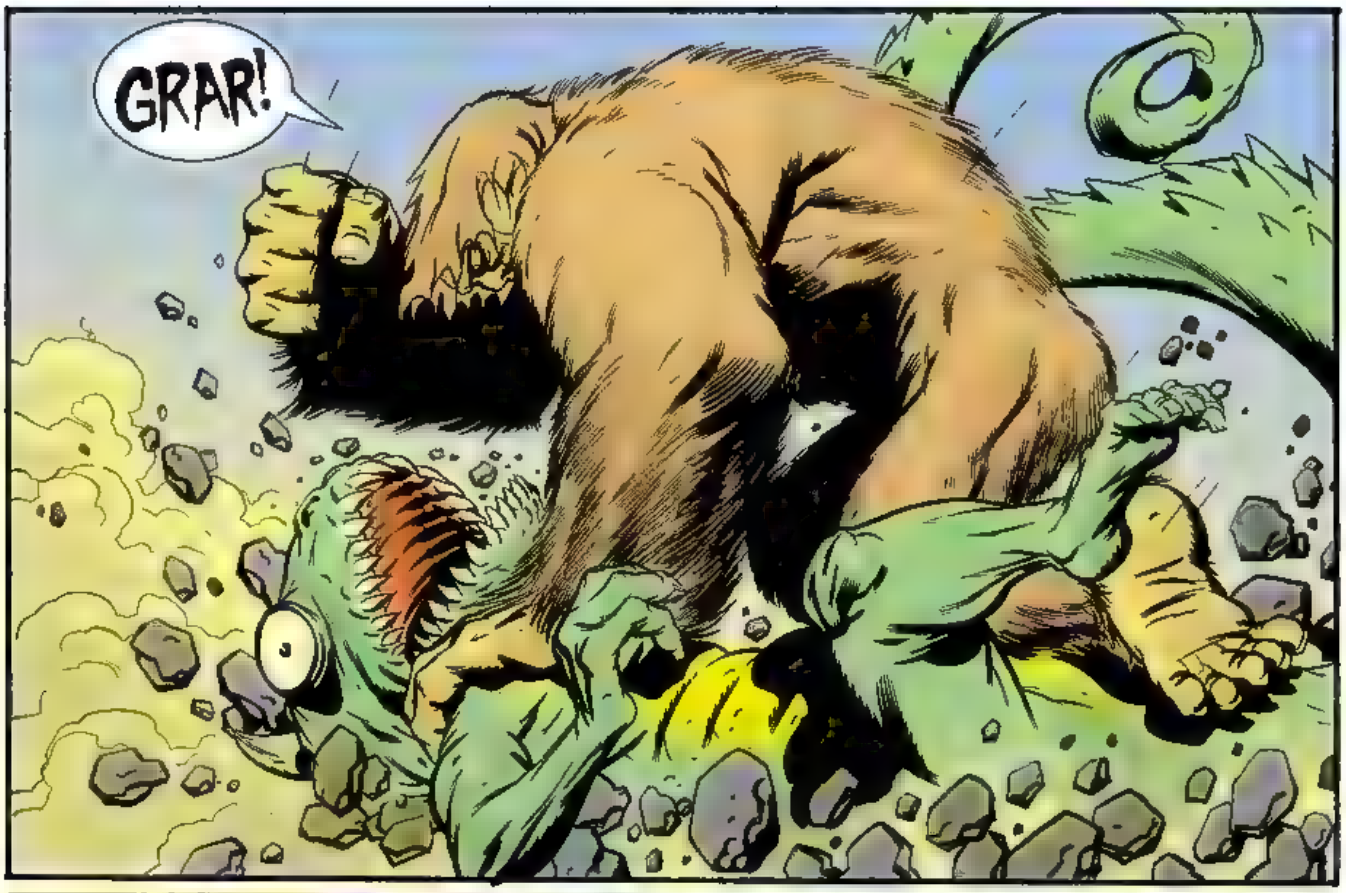

THAT'S... UH...
BIG?
YEP.
THE LAGARTO HOMBRE BELCHES FORTH A FUME OF RUIN AS IT SCREAMS CURSES UPON THE MEEK!
¡APLASTARÉ TU PUEBLO DE MONOS ABAJO DE MI TALÓN Y DESPUÉS COMERÉ MI PESO EN TUS CARNES EN CONSERVAS, ASÍ LLAMADOS!
WOOSH!
BEWILDERED BY THE SENSELESS CARNAGE TAKING PLACE BEFORE THEIR VERY EYES, NO ONE WITNESSES THE FORTUITOUS COMING OF DR. ALLOY!
NOT DISTRACTED BY THE UNGODLY BOSOMS A CREATURE THAT SIZE WOULD POSSESS IF IT INDEED HAD BOSOMS, THE STUNNING INTELLECT OF DR. ALLOY ASSESSES THE SITUATION AND QUICKLY TAKES ACTION!
THE GOON WILL DO.

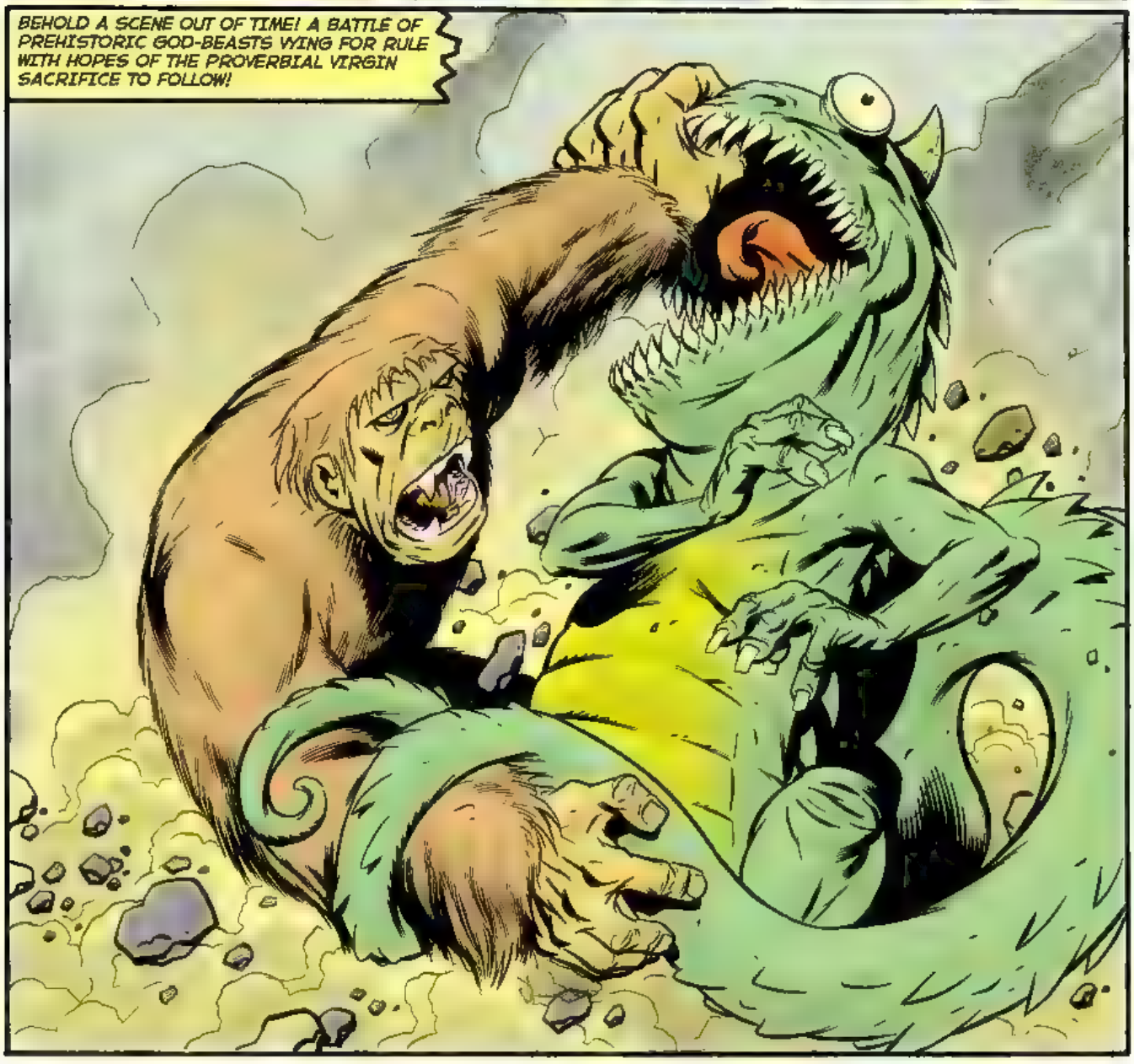
ONLY ALLOY KNOWS WHAT CONCOCTION THE MYSTERIOUS DART CONTAINS...
DAH!!
FWAP!
...BUT IT IS CLEAR NO ONE WOULD WANT IT SHOT INTO THEIR BUTT!
¡TUS HIJOS ME ADORARÁN COMO UN DIOS! ¡DES FLORECERÉ SUS PONIS Y CABRAS!
ACK!
THE EXACT PURPOSE OF ALLOY'S ACTIONS CANNOT BE KNOWN, BUT THEIR RAMIFICATIONS ARE VIVIDLY CLEAR!
GWAH!!
THROUGH MYSTERIOUS ARTS OR NEFARIOUS SORCERY, THE GOON IS TAKING SHAPE AS IF TO RIVAL THE GARGANTUAN BEAST FROM SOUTH OF THE BORDER!

THE GOON. MORE BEAST NOW THAN MAN. HUMAN LOGIC ERASED. ANIMAL INSTINCT TAKES CONTROL.
AND YET ONE THOUGHT STILL PERMEATES HIS DULL SIMIAN-LIKE BROW.
!
THAT THOUGHT... "LAGARTO HOMBRE BAD!!"
RAHH!

LIKE ANCIENT TITANS IN SOME FORGOTTEN HISTORY THAT MANKIND NEVER KNEW, THEY TOWER ABOVE ALL... THE MEAGER MORTALS THAT WATCH FROM BELOW CAN ONLY AWAIT THEIR DESTRUCTION AND HOPE THEY DON'T POOP THEIR PANTS, FIRST.
¡NO PUEDES COMPETIR CONMIGO, GORILA GRANDE COMO UN GRINGO! ¡TU MADRE FUE UNA AMANTE DE POLLOS!

WITH MALICE, THE VOLCANIC ERUPTION SPEWS!
THE BLAST OF HOT LATIN FIRE SMASHES INTO THE GOON LIKE A TORRENT OF WET MOOSE FARTS. HEY! YOU GIVE ME A BETTER ANALOGY AND I'LL USE IT, YOU JUDGMENTAL LITTLE HAYSEED!
AS IF THE VERY HEAVENS WERE BREAKING, THE BLOW LANDS IN THUNDEROUS COLLISION!
BOOM!


GRAR!


BEHOLD A SCENE OUT OF TIME! A BATTLE OF PREHISTORIC GOD-BEASTS VYING FOR RULE WITH HOPES OF THE PROVERBIAL VIRGIN SACRIFICE TO FOLLOW!

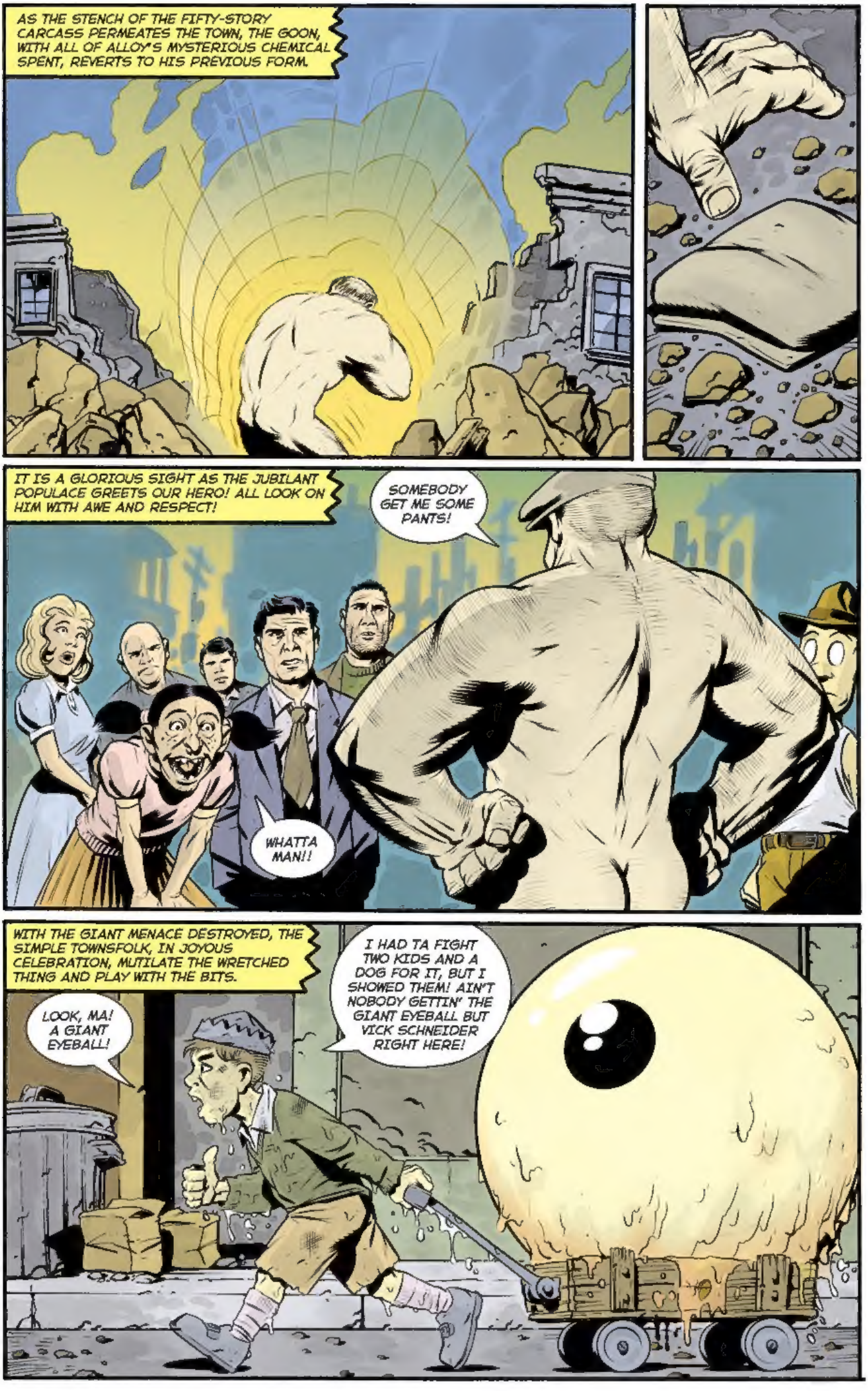
AH! A SAVAGE BLOW FROM HIS SERPENTINE APPENDAGE!
SMACK!
AH! HE SETS FOR ANOTHER STRIKE! EH! MY DELICATE SENSIBILITIES CAN NO LONGER WITHSTAND THE CARNAGE!
SNAG!
¡AY! ¡MI ESPALDA ES DE RUEDAS DE FUEGO!
SMASH!

SMASH!
¡AY! HE SIDO GOLPEADO ACERCA DE LA CABEZA POR UNA MARIQUITA QUE LAMA BOTAS!
SMASH!

STAMP!
STAMP! STAMP!
STAMP! STAMP!
STAMP!

STAMP!
STAMP! STAMP!
STAMP! STAMP!
STAMP!

AH-HA! THE COLOSSAL CONQUEROR STANDS TRIUMPHANT OVER THE BODY OF HIS FALLEN ENEMY!
GWAHH!
BUT WAS THE MIGHTY LAGARTO HOMBRE TRULY EVIL? COULD IT HAVE POSSIBLY BEEN JUST ANOTHER MISUNDERSTOOD CREATURE MERELY TRYING TO SURVIVE IN A WORLD THAT HATED AND FEARED IT?
¡AY! ¡ESTOY MUERTO! ¡ME MATASTE, TÚ HIJO DE UNA PUTA QUE! AMA POLLOS!
THESE ARE QUESTIONS WE ALL MUST PONDER AS WE WITNESS THIS WONDROUS BEHEMOTH BREATHE ITS LAST.
THUD!


AS THE STENCH OF THE FIFTY-STORY CARCASS PERMEATES THE TOWN, THE GOON, WITH ALL OF ALLOY'S MYSTERIOUS CHEMICAL SPENT, REVERTS TO HIS PREVIOUS FORM.
IT IS A GLORIOUS SIGHT AS THE JUBILANT POPULACE GREETS OUR HERO! ALL LOOK ON HIM WITH AWE AND RESPECT!
SOMEBODY GET ME SOME PANTS!
WHATTA MAN!!
WITH THE GIANT MENACE DESTROYED, THE SIMPLE TOWNSFOLK, IN JOYOUS CELEBRATION, MUTILATE THE WRETCHED THING AND PLAY WITH THE BITS.
LOOK, MA! A GIANT EYEBALL!
I HAD TA FIGHT TWO KIDS AND A DOG FOR IT, BUT I SHOWED THEM! AIN'T NOBODY GETTIN' THE GIANT EYEBALL BUT VICK SCHNEIDER RIGHT HERE!

BUT NOT ALL OF THE SCRAPS ARE COLLECTED FOR SOUVENIRS AND MORBID PLAYTHINGS.
GOING UNNOTICED THROUGH THE ENTIRE DEBACLE IS THE OFT-LABELED "DIABOLICAL GENIUS."
BUT JUST WHAT USE HIS UNFATHOMABLE YET TWISTED INTELLECT COULD MAKE OF SO SUSPECT A TRINKET IS NOT SO EASILY DEDUCED.
MIGHT THE FEAR UNLEASHED THIS DAY NOT BE OVER? MAY THE CARNAGE STARTED BY THE VISITOR FROM THE VAST UNKNOWN BE REKINDLED BY THE DEVICES OF A LUNATIC MIND?
JUST WHAT IS THIS SO-CALLED MADMAN OF SCIENCE PLANNING WITHIN THE WALLS OF HIS FORTIFIED DWELLING?!

COULD IT BE... A GO-GO DANCE OF EPIC PROPORTION!!
YES, MY DEAR, I GENETICALLY ENGINEERED HIM FROM A SCRAP OF THE ORIGINAL MONSTER. I MADE HIM MUCH SMALLER, OF COURSE.
¿PUEDO TE OFPECER MA'S ALCOHOL? ¡TÚ DAMA BORRACHA CON PECHOS GRANDES!
¡SI´ BEBE! ¡BEBE, TÚ PUERCO PARECIDO A COMEDORES DE QUESO! ¡UN DÍA TU TIPO DEL OLOR DE EXCREMENTO DE PERRO LAMARÉ ENTRE LOS DEDOS DEL HOMBRE DEL LAGARTO!
END?

EMPIRE